

"THE DAISY CAMPAIGNER."

How One Girl Secured a Handsome Donation for Tennessee College.

We are sorry everybody could not be present at the opening of the "Students' Whirlwind Campaign," at Tennessee College, when each of the ten groups, into which the students have divided themselves, contributed a "stunt" to the hour's program. If you had been there you could readily understand the splendid enthusiasm, and the esprit de corps which is making us all work "like Trojans" to make our goal. These "stunts" were interesting in their variety, as well as in themselves; but unfortunately none except the story which follows was of a kind which may be put on paper and given to you.

"The Daisy Campaigner" was written by a member of one of the preparatory classes, in the evening before the program was given.

"Good bye, girls, good bye."

"Good bye, Daisy. Have a good time, girls. I tell you we'll raise the most money."

"Don't forget we're campaigners."

Good bye. Good—

"All aboard!" cried the conductor of the "Dixie Flyer."

Then there was a great scrambling, more hurried good byes, and kisses that knocked hats crooked; for it was the 23rd of December in Murfreesboro, and the Tennessee College girls were homeward bound.

When the train reached Nashville there were more good byes to be said, because some of the girls went east and some west, some went north and yet others south. Finally only one little Tennessee College girl was left in the busy, bustling Nashville station. She was Daisy Dalton, one of the campaign group leaders.

"Oh dear! I didn't know one could be so lonesome in such a big crowd. I wish some of the girls were here. My, if I'm not missing them already," and Daisy sighed a forlorn little sigh as her big blue eyes swept over the ever changing crowd.

"Now you're right nice looking; and you must be a book agent; oh, you're a school girl like myself; well I wonder what you are," mused Daisy as she singled out interesting persons passing by her in the crowd of travelers. "Oh, you poor old dear," cried the girl all of a sudden, as she caught sight of an aged lady with a suit case, a hat box, a pillow and a large purse. The old lady had evidently asked the cross looking man near her some questions. When he saw that she was but a plain, old, country woman, laden down with much baggage, he gave her a rough shove as he roared in her ear, "What do you think I am, an information bureau?"

The old lady turned sadly away only to find herself jostled roughly from the other side.

"Well, well," moaned the old lady between her hard set lips. "What will I do, oh, what will I do with nobody to answer a civil question and nobody willing to help?"

But help was nearer than she thought, for just then Daisy reached her side.

"Please, mayn't I help you? I saw what a hard time you were having and you just made me think of my dear old granny." As she chattered away the Tennessee College girl had taken the heavy suit case from the old lady and, slipping her strong young arm through that of the elder woman, she guided her to a quiet corner in the waiting room.

"Why, dearie child, I don't know how to thank you for such kindness to a poor old lady like me," said the old lady to Daisy after Daisy had made her comfortable and had given her a glass of cool water. "Tell me now where you are going, and where you are from, traveling all by yourself and a knowing so well how to help folks in distress," she continued.

"Oh, I'm a Tennessee College girl, and maybe you think I'm not proud of it! Why, don't you know that's the dearest place on earth—except home of course! Yes, I'm going home for the holidays now, and I'm just expecting to have the best time in the world. And I've got to work to, as well as play." Daisy was lost in her favorite theme, now, so she went eagerly on. "You see, our dear old college needs some money, only \$30,000.00, to be sure, but we students and especially the Daisy Chain, want to have a share in helping to raise, not only that amount, but lots more. You see the students have kind-a-organized into what we call 'Campaigners.' Then Daisy explained the plan of the Students' Campaign to the 'Old Lady,' who was all attention.

Can that grouch and wear a smile.

Emmett Selby was up from Burke Saturday.

Mack Ledbetter was here from Monterey Saturday as a witness in a lawsuit about which depositions were being taken.

B. Sedlecky was here from Ravenscroft Saturday looking after a claim he has against the Bohemian Farming Company No. 1, Mayland.

The Sunday Nashville papers stated that Judge D. L. Lansden had been confined to his room several days suffering with an attack of kidney trouble and that his wife and son were in Texas, where they had gone some weeks ago for the health of the boy.

W. M. Tanner has been appointed postmaster at Pomona Road to succeed A. L. Elmore resigned.

Gov. Hooper has appointed Rev. J. W. Linkous, of Creston, as chaplain at the state mines at Petros.

Mrs. Cora B. Keyes completed her studies as a trained nurse at the General Hospital, Knoxville, January 1 and was immediately summoned to a sick bed where she has been ever since. She may be home the last of this week or she may remain a week longer. She graduated with the highest honors of any one in her class, which would indicate that she is well qualified for the duties of a trained nurse.

The government has sent Postmaster W. A. Hamby a large American flag, which he will erect over the postoffice when mild spring weather arrives.

Mrs. Martha Rea left Sunday for Florida to pass the winter with General and Mrs. J. T. Wilder.

Mrs. S. C. Bishop has been very sick the past few days with a severe attack of la grippe.

Wanted—Live foxes; not caught in a trap or hurt in any way. Will pay \$2.00 each and express charges. John B. Vaughn, Pikeville. 1-13-4t.

"Oh, it's such a responsibility to be one of the group leaders," went on Daisy. "Especially when one lives in a little place like I do, where the people aren't any too much interested in the education of girls. But some of us girls are vying with each other to see which group can raise seventy-five dollars or more. Yes, I realize that we will hardly be able to do it," and Daisy's eyes took on a far away look as she heaved a sigh, "but we're going to work, and hope, and pray, and," as her face brightened, "Maybe one of us will find a fairy godmother during the holidays! It would—" but Daisy did not finish her sentence, for just then the porter appeared in the door and called out the little old lady's train.

"Did you say your name is Daisy?" asked the little old lady, as Daisy helped her into the train.

"Yes'm, that's it. Good bye and merry Christmas to you."

Then the train started and the little old lady was whirled away.

The Christmas holidays passed merrily and very rapidly by for all the Tennessee College girls. It seemed like a very short time before they were greeting each other once more in the Murfreesboro station, and once more in Tennessee College.

On the first night before school opened each leader called a secret meeting of her members. Not one girl had told the amount she had ready to hand in. The halls were humming with mysterious sounds of "Oh, more than that!" "Why, is that all?" "Where are the rest of the girls?" "Come quick." "I know our group has won."

Through all the excitement and hubbub, Daisy moved quietly among her girls. In their private meeting she made a short little talk, saying, in part, after all the money was handed in, "Well girls, we didn't reach our goal, but I know every girl did her part, so let's make the best of it, and try to be as cheerful as possible—and thankful that we've helped Tennessee College this much anyway."

The next day was the day for the report of the "campaigners." Chapel hour had been promised the girls. When the bells rang at 8:30 every "Campaigner" was in her place.

One by one each of the ten group leaders made her report and gave her contribution. The last one was Daisy. "Mr. Burnett," she said, "We're awfully sorry it isn't seventy-five dollars but we've done our best, and here is our gift to our beloved college home."

"Thank you, Miss Daisy," answered "Mr. Henry," "and with your permission I would like to read a letter which came to the college a few days ago addressed to the Registrar of Tennessee College." All the girls looked at each other, then all the girls looked at Daisy. What could it be?

But "Mr. Henry" was reading.

"And so, to show my appreciation of Miss Daisy personally, I want to help her department, or as she called it, the Daisy Chain, in the campaign. I want to show my appreciation also of a college that can claim as students such young women as Miss Daisy. Therefore you will find attached to this letter, a check for one thousand dollars. Wishing you success in your 'Whirlwind Campaign,' I am, sincerely yours, 'The Little Old Lady at the Nashville Station.'"

"Now, young women," began "Mr. Henry," but he was interrupted by President George Burnett, who exclaimed: "Three cheers for the 'Daisy Campaigner.'"

Jessie Cheesman.

DON'T WORRY, but work.

Rooms to rent over the Chronicle office.

The Art Circle will meet with Mrs. Mart Burnett this week.

Marshal J. W. Patton has been approached on accepting a position in the government revenue service. He is considering the matter and may accept the place.

If you need a typewriter ribbon of any make or color or two-color, send 75 cents to the Chronicle office and it will be sent you by mail. Be sure to tell the kind of machine and number and the color of ribbon wanted.

It seems that our information as to who killed the large eagle mentioned last week in these columns was not quite right. We have been requested to correct by stating that Ray Parker, son of Joe Parker, killed the eagle.

Crossville is to have a new handle mill as will be seen by scanning the advertising columns of the Chronicle this week. J. A. Isbell, of Baxter, is calling for hickory timber to be delivered at the Wheat stave mill site, in large or small quantities for which he offers cash. Mr. Isbell was here last week arranging for buying timber and he will probably start the handle mill so soon as sufficient timber is on the ground to make it profitable to ship and install the machinery.

H. E. Speyer was here from Algood Saturday looking after business. Last September he was in a railroad wreck on the T. C. a few miles from Algood and sustained injuries to his spine that kept him in bed for several weeks and he is just now beginning to be able to get about and is yet far from well. Those who became acquainted with Mr. Speyer while building the Memphis-to-Bristol road through this county will remember him very kindly and will regret very much his misfortune and hope for him a speedy return to his usual good health.

L. H. Bell of Howard Springs is in possession of a very unusual relic in the shape of a letter from Horace Greeley. The letter was written to Mr. Bell by the famous editor touching some verses sent for publication. It is characteristic of all letters written by Mr. Greeley in that the penmanship is so poor that very few persons can read it. We pored over it for quite a while and finally got the drift of it, but to say we made out every word is entirely too broad a statement to comport with the facts. The letter was written in 1866 and is no doubt highly prized by Mr. Bell.

Jarrett & Bireley have completed the steel bridge near Creston and the Greens Ford bridge is almost completed. The steel and concrete is on the ground, the stone broken and all is ready to such an extent that in four or five days active work will commence.

The city fathers met Friday night and elected Hill Lowrey, of Sparta, marshal, on a salary of \$75 a month. Mr. Lowrey has a splendid record for suppressing bootlegging, which prompted the board to employ him. O. B. Rector was chosen recorder. T. F. Brown, who was elected by the board one week previous found he could not hold the place and retain his present office of Circuit Clerk, as the state law prohibits county officers holding two offices at once in which there is remuneration. Mr. Rector has filled the place before and made a very good officer. Mr. Lowrey arrived yesterday and was sworn in as marshal. He was excused from duty until Monday and Marshal Patton will continue to act until then. Mr. Lowrey will not move his household effects here, but he and wife will board for the present.

Pure blood Plymouth Rock cockerels for sale at \$2 and \$3. O. B. Rector, Crossville. 1-13-4t.

J. E. Converse is feeding about 25 head of cattle for G. M. Martin & Sons at his farm west of town. He is gauging the ration on the basis of scientific feeding and the outcome will be watched with interest.

City Meat Market

Strictly Cash

Prices this week are as follows:

Lard.....11 to 14c
Bacon 12-2 to 15c
Best fresh, home made sausage, per pound.....12 1-2c

FRESH BEEF

Rib Stew.....8c
Roast.....12 1-2c
Steak.....15 and 18c

FRESH PORK

Per pound.....5 to 15c

Taylor Brothers.

PRICES THAT COUNT.

A big lot of merchandise will go at **HALF PRICE**. If you will need any of these things now or in the near future, it pay you to buy all you can at these prices, while we are reducing our large stock.

We will sell, as long as they last, during the month of January, the following things at just one-half the regular price;

All our large line of Ladies', Misses and Children's Cloaks and Coats, Ladies Coat Suits, one lot of Underwear, one lot of Men's and Boys Suits, an extra good line of Men's and Boys' Overcoats and all our Wool Fascinators. Other things will be included in this list which we do not have space to name.

Any of the above at half price.

As our regular prices are always reasonable, this will make these goods extremely low.

OTHER PRICES

One lot Men's and Boys' 50c Caps will go at 35c.

One lot Men's and Boys' \$1.00 hats will go at 75c.

One lot Men's and Boys' \$1.50 to \$2.50 Hats will go at \$1.00.

Men's 50c Black Sateen Shirts will go at 39c.

Men's Flannel Over Shirts

Sweaters

\$1.00 shirt at \$.79	All \$1.00 Sweaters at \$.79
1.50 " " 1.10	" " " 1.49
2.00 " " 1.59	" " " 1.99
2.50 " " 1.99	" " " .25 " .15

Men's \$1.00 Underwear will go for 75c

Bundles of Outing, containing from 15 to 20 yards will go for \$1.00.

Many other things will be displayed at prices as cheap. You will see them when you come to our store. These goods will not last long at these prices. You had better come before the sizes are broken.

We are still selling all kinds of feed stuffs at prices cheaper than any one else.

We always lead. We have saved the people of this county much money by selling our goods at a close margin of profit, even if you did not buy of us.

We are well satisfied with our business the past year and hope to do at least as well this year.

We want to express our sincere thanks to our many friends for their co-operation and support.

REED & BURNETT,
Crossville and Crab Orchard.

Paul E. Frost is here from Louisville, Ky., visiting friends.

Mrs. Annie Etherton, of Burke, is visiting the family of her brother, Sanders Patton, at Hydertown.

Jake Heteshew is here from Montana visiting with Wm. Dayton and family. He and Mr. Dayton batched together for five years in a cabin in Montana some years ago and they have gone over those experiences with much satisfaction. Mr. Heteshew will look at some certain tracts of land in the county and may decide to purchase and locate here permanently. He has no family.

T. M. Rector was called home to Louisville last week by a telegram that his wife was sick. It is probable Mr. Rector will move his family back here in the near future. The present business depression affected his restaurant so seriously that he has gotten out of it and will likely seek a business

opening here in some line. Their many friends will gladly welcome them back.

G. W. Bailey, the man who robbed the postoffice here some weeks ago, was taken to Cookeville last week for a preliminary hearing before the United States commissioner and was bound to the federal court, which will convene there in a short time. Sheriff Toney, Postmaster W. A. Hamby, Trustee Jas. Smith and others went to Cookeville with the prisoner to give testimony in the case. It now transpires that the name of the man is Jas. Davis and that he escaped from the Indiana penitentiary in 1904 after being imprisoned for petit larceny. There seems little doubt that he will get a term in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta.

Neal, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin, who live near Howard Springs, is now convalescent after having suffered with an attack of pneumonia.